The Jockey, Club.

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THE

History of the *London* CLUBS;

OR, THE

Citizens Pastime:

PARTICULARLY,

The Lying Club, } { The Beggars Club,
The *Yorkshire* Club, } { The *Broken Shopkeepers* Club,
The Thieves Club, } { The *Basket Womans* Club.

With a Sermon Preach'd to a Gang of High-way-Men.

PART I.

By the Author of the London Spy.

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THE

Secret History of the London Clubs, &c.

OF all unlawful Societies or Clubs, by what Name or Title ſoever dignified or diſtinguiſh'd, the Lying one ought to have the Preference; becauſe it is the Spring and Fountain from whence all the reſt have their very being, and for that Reaſon the Lying Club ſhall command the firſt Troop of Guards in this Comical Expedition.

This Antient Society has been reviv'd and held in ſeveral Parts of this great City, but now remov'd to a certain Tavern in *Weſtminſter*; where Sir *Harry Blunt*, a witty and famous Gentleman in the Art of Mendaciloquence, gain'd by his Foreign Travels, has eſtabliſhe and brought it to Perfection; ſo that on *Tueſday* Night laſt the Club was open'd, at which time Sir *Harry* the Chairman began with this ſtrange Story.

Gentlemen, being Nine Years ago a Factor in the *Eaſt-Indies* having a little ſpare time, I had a mind to go a Fiſhing; and accordingly taking one of *Indians* to bear me Company, we at laſt came to a large River, where he told me was plenty of great Fiſh; ſo that walking by the Banks to find out a ſhady Place to keep us from the ſcorching Heat, I got among a Bed of Oſiers, where I enter'd upon my Paſtime, and immediately got a Bite; but as ill Luck wou'd have it, having a Feather'd Cap on, much worn in that Country, as my Noddle was moving among the Oſiers, a ſwinging Hawk, which are indeed very large in thoſe Parts, hovering over my Head, and taking my Feather'd Cap to be ſome ſtrange Sort of Bird, came ſwop down, and made ſuch a furious ſtroke at me, that I thought for a Minute or two ſhe had left my Shoulders Headleſs; under which ſurprize I dropt my Angle-Rod, and ſo loſt my Fiſh, but coming by degrees to my ſelf, I began to ſcratch my Ears, to feel whether I had a Head on, and in groping after that, I found I had only loſt my Cap, being amaz'd I look'd upwards at a conſiderable diſtance, and ſaw my Feather'd Thief on the Wing towards the next Wood, I ſuppoſe to examine into his Booty. However, having no great Damage, I ſtood again to my Tackle, but remembring the Sports-Man's ſaying, *Ware Hawk*, I kept my Eyes about me, for fear the Hungry Raparee who ſnatch'd away my Cap, ſhould come again for my Head, which as empty as it is, I was unwilling to ſpare.

I had not long return'd to my Paſtime, before I had another Bite, which prov'd ſo heavy, that the *Indian* was forc'd to go into the Water to help it out, and much ado he had to perform it: It prov'd a great

great Fish indeed, who had so gorg'd my Hook, that I was forc'd to cut him open, in doing of which I found that the least of the Seven Fish had first taken the Bait, and was swallow'd by a bigger, those two by a third, and the three by a fourth, and the fourth by a fifth, the fifth by a sixth, and all these by an over-grown large one; so that I caught a Nest of Seven Fish one within another at one fortunate stroke to make my self amends for the loss of my Cap: But going homewards, to my great surprize, my Cap, which I had lost after so odd a manner, came tumbling down out of the Air, and chuckt as close to my Noddle as a new Hat fitted on by an *English* Haberdasher, which I found to be the same individual Cap which the Hawk had robb'd me of; so that putting on my Feather'd Mounteer, I was well pleas'd I had met with so good a Bird of Prey, that had much more honesty than some of my Fellow Creatures. Upon the conclusion of which Story, Sir *Harry Blunt* said, *Had not the Hawk been so civil as to return you your Cap, I would have given you mine; for I think you deserve, for the Wonders you have told us, all the Caps in the Company.* Upon which another began thus.

My Father (says he) being a *Derbyshire* Gentleman, happen'd to have an old Seat near the *Peak*, behind the House there is a Well so vasty deep, that in the late Rebellion he and most of his Neighbours cast the best of their Goods and Treasure to preserve them from Plunder; but when the Wars were ended, every one was willing to have his own, and thereupon endeavour'd to fish it out again; but upon tryal the Well was found so deep, that all the Cart-Ropes in the Country ty'd together, was not long enough to Fathom it: Upon which my Father sent up to *London* for a Waggon Load of Hemp, and had it Spun into a strong Line to reach the bottom of it; and in the Nature of a draw Well placed a Bucket as large as a *Gravesend* Tilt-Boat, furnishing it with a Feather-Bed, a Runlet of *Derby Ale*, a Peck Loaf, *Cheshire* Cheese, Pipes, Candles and Tobacco, and offer'd Five Pound to any Body that would embark on this Expedition, and venture to Travel to the end of this Infernal Thorough-fair; but none would take it in Hand but a *Scotch* Pedlar, who being robb'd of all his Goods at a Fair, accepted of the offer, on condition of receiving 40 Shillings in Hand; having agreed, he presently undertook his Perpendicular Journey, swearing that were it the Fundament of Hell, and the Devil stood at the Door, he would earn the Money; so that the Pedlar stept into the Cabbin with his empty Wallet on his Shoulder, and was let down by degrees for two Days and two Nights, and then slacken'd, from whence we concluded he was arriv'd at the bottom, where we suffer'd him to remain the best part of a Day to gather the Riches; at last we found him to give the Rope a twitch, as an Item of his willingness to return; So that drawing him up, out crept the *Scotchman* with his Pack upon his Back, very richly laden with Muslins, Callicoes, &c. but not one bit of the Treasure he div'd for; and being asked what was become of it, he answer'd, what had been put in on one side of the Globe, was taken up on the other, so that every one was forc'd to be content with their losses. But being again ask'd how he came by the Muslins, &c. he said when he came to the other World below, he happen'd to find a Company of *Indi-*

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Lian Weavers at a Fair, of whom he bought good Penny worths; so that opening his Pack among them, the Spectators out of Curiosity bought all his Ware, even at his own Prizes; insomuch, that the *Scotchman* desir'd leave to go to Market a second time; but my Father being a Covetous Man, rejected his Motion, resolving to go himself, but the Rope breaking in the middle of the descent, let him drop to his Journeys End beyond all recovery; so that I lost my Father, but got the Estate, and am now come to *London* to offer this new found Passage upon reasonable Terms to the *East-India* Company.

In these sort of Merry Jests and Extravagant Fables, the Rhodomantading Society used to spin out their Club Hours, judging the largeness of a Man's Sense by the magnitude of his Lyes; which are now so common that they are got into every Tradesmans Shop, insomuch that scarce any Commodities can be purchas'd without 'em. According to the Poet.

What tho' of Hellish Race, as some do hold,
And the first Lye was by the Devil told?
Yet should the Art of Lying be suppress,
And us'd no more in Earnest or in Jest,
A thousand hurtful Truths would then arise,
Which now are stopt by necessary Lies!
Then why should busy Mortals be enjoyn'd
To follow Truth, since in this Age we find
Officious Lyes so useful to Mankind.

The Yorkshire C L U B.

THIS Accute Society (I hope the Religion Menders of *London* will pardon the Expression) was held at one of their Country Houses in the Rounds in *Smithfield*, upon every Market Day, to exercise their cunning on the credulous Bubbles of this half witted City, who play the Knave too foolishly, that the Northern Tikes make no more of Biting now and then a Head off, than a Monkey does in cracking of a Nut, or a Whore picking of a Drunken Man's Pocket.

The most flourishing Members in this Whipshire Community are Needle Pointed Inn-Keepers, Nick and Froth Victuallers, honest Horse Coursers, and Mous *Yorkshire* Attorneys, the rest good harmless Master Hostlers, who us'd to measure their Oats with the bottom of the Peck upwards, and two or three innocent Farriers who Worm'd their Masters out of their Shops, and themselves into their Business.

When they are met together in their Room next the Market, Horse Flesh for certain is the first Subject that is started in the Company; and blind Eyes, Spavins and Glanders, are the never failing Talk that illustrate their Discourse.

After the Business of the Day is over, and every cunning Member has top'd his Jade upon some Bubble or other, then the *Yorkshire* Stingo is push'd briskly about, and ev'ry one o'er his Cups begins merrily to expiate upon the Windgalls and Infirmities of the several dull Animals they have so luckily disposed of; who perhaps had as many Faults as a Rigid Fanatick is able to find in the Church Liturgy, and scarce so sound as an over-ridden Strumpet, while the Friendly Society are ready

to

to swear for one another, and warrant a Lame Horse to have as sound Limbs as ever ran upon New-Market Heath, and a Blind Jade to have as good Eyes as Sir William Read the Occuliſt. Being all equally pleas'd that they have brought their Horſes, inſtead of their Hogs, to ſo good a Market.

When after the Healths had been box'd about for ſome Hours, they began to Rattle, and fall foul of one another, and after a bantering manner to upbraid their Brethren with their Pack-Horſe Journies, and Pennyleſs Progreſs out of a ſharp Air into a thriving Climate.

Marry, cryes one to his next Brother, you have thriven well, to riſe from ſiquoring Carriers dirty Boots to be the proud Landlord of the beſt Inn in Smithfield. Pough, is that all. I did not rob my Father of his Bridle, my Uncle of his Boots, my Brother of his Spurs, and then Steal a Horſe from my next Neighbour to bring me to London, and ſell him for Money to buy me a clean Shirt, a new Fork, and a Stable Broom, to ſweep an Inn Yard for fat Scraps, and the bottom of Mugs, till you got to be Hoſtler, and from thence raiſed your ſelf by ſtealing of Oats, till you were able to lay down the Dung Fork and Curry-Comb to make your ſelf Maſter of a topping Victualling-Houſe.

By the Maſs, cryes a fat Attorney to a Weather-beaten Horſe-Courſer, Times are well amended with you, ſince your Mother us'd to ſend you to Frampton's Stables to pick Oats out of the Horſe-Dung to make Oat-meal-Puddings for your Father, againſt he came home from Sheep ſtealing. Marry hang you, replies the Jockey, how many times hath your Mother ſent you to pick the Wool off other Peoples Hedges, for your Siſter to Knit Night Caps for the old Cuckold your Father.

Thus when in their Cups they fit Batt'ring one and her between Jeſt and Earneſt, till with Talk and much Liquor, their Tongues and their Legs, but not their Cunning begin to fail them; and all Blunder down Stairs, from the Rich Proſperous Knave to the poor clouted Underſtrapper, and without ſaying the Grandſel mutually take leave of one another, and ſo ſtagger home to their Inns, Bar, and Stable; to exerciſe their Cunning Tricks till the next merry Meeting.

Thus ſome from Cart and ſome from Plough,
And ſome from living God knows how;
With brawny Buttocks Cas'd with Leather,
And Latchets ty'd with Thongs together.
Fly from their Northern Hungry Air,
To quit Oat Bread for better Fare,
Some Tyke on Genners make their way,
Borrow'd by Night from Graſs or Hay;
And when in London, where unknown,
One Brute ſells t'other, as his own,
And thus each Rider's Horſe or Mare
The Charges of the Journey bear:
So Men tho' preſs'd to leave the Nation,
Are forc'd to pay their Tranſportation;
And Ladies, when their Beaus beſtride 'em,
Are glad to Treat the Fools that ride 'em.

The Thieves CLUB.

THIS Thrum-look'd Society of Deſperado's, who commonly have the Fortune to wear their Deſtiny in their Faces, formerly kept their Club at a certain Tavern not far from Fleet-Ditch, but now remov'd to a more obſcure Place on the North Weſt ſide of London, where a remarkable Thief taker can help any Body to their ſtolen Goods, provided the Gratitude the loſer offer'd amounted to about half the value of what the Rapparees had depriv'd him of; which is commonly as the Rogues with ſafety are able to make of their Booty, becauſe the Receivers, who either buy or lend Money upon ſuch Cargoes, always gueſs by their Chapmen how honeſtly they are come by, and therefore will not deal without unreaſonable Advantage. This Thief takers Houſe they take their Sanctuary at and both Day and Night at his Tippling Tenement, where the Society of the Devils Operators Project their Villanous Rogueries, and what they get over the Devil's Back, they ſpend under his Belly.

Thus

Thus all Sorts of Villanies are daily harbour'd under this unhallow'd Roof, by him who knows their practices, till they foolishly waste what they have Knavishly gotten; and if any of 'em grow lazy, and don't exercise their Tallent, their Master the Thief-Taker will take him up, ann Hang him out of the way as a worthless Scoundrel, who was only a dabler in a Misery that he knew not how to live by.

But in Reforming Constables protect
The Harlot that can Bribe as they expect;
But if she once grows Poor, thro' want of Trade,
In Triumph then the Flog the Needy Jade.

Then amidst their Jolliery, when the Power of *Bacchus* had forc'd open Hell's Cabbins, one to make a Jest of his Villany, wou'd merrily discover that he once Robb'd an old Lady of Three Hundred Pound by the confederacy of one of his Misses, who was got in to be Chamber-Maid; and would Mimick how heartily the old Granny begg'd, at Fourscore that she might not be Ravish'd.

Another to shew his Gallantry, would boast how three of them stops Five Gentlemen upon the Road, robb'd Four of them, and the other being an old Parson, they drag'd him into a Wood, and told him, if he would Preach a Sermon to them, he should go unrifled. I thank you, reply'd the Parson; but 'tis a little too short a warning for a good Sermon, however I will do the best I can (which said one of the Rogues) was to this Effect.

Gentlemen, you are the most like the Old Apostles, of any Men in the World, for they were Wanderers upon the Earth, and so are you: They had neither Lands nor Tenements they could call their own, neither as I presume have you: They were despised of all but those of their own Profession, and so I believe are you: They were unalterably fix'd in the Principles they profess'd, and so are you: They were often hurry'd into Goals and Prisons, were Persecuted by the People, and endured great Hardships, all which Sufferings I presume have been undergone by you: Their Profession brought them all to untimely Deaths, and so will yours bring you, if you continue in your Courses.

But beloved (with permission) in this Point, you will mightily differ from the Apostles, for they from the Tree ascended into Heaven, and thither I fear you will hardly ever come; and as their Deaths were recompenc'd with Eternal Glory, yours will be rewarded with Eternal Shame and Misery, unless you mend your Manners. Upon which Harangue the Man of God was dismist, with Thanks for his favourable Comparisons.

And thus they make a Jest of those wicked Villanies, that they ought to blush every time they think of 'em, much more boast and Glory in

For he that will no human Laws Obey,
Will ne'er be aw'd by what the Priest can say;
But harden'd in his Ill, will still Rebel,
And hazard Life and Heaven instead of Hell.
Let it, O Youth, be then thy early care,
To truly know what thy Companions are,
That from the Bad thou may'st select the Good,
And shun the Pois'nous Converse of the Lude;
For he that rowls in Nettles must be stung,
Nor can the Fool be clean that wades in Dung.

Thus

Therefore the only way to be secure,
And keep an Honest Reputation pure,
Is to shew wisely, it is your Care to be
Distinguish'd by your Vertuous Company.

The Beggars CLUB.

THIS Society of Old Bearded Hypocrites, Wooden-Legg'd Implorers of Charity, Stroling Clappendugeons, Limping Dissemblers, Sham-d-fabled Seamen, Blind Gunpowder-blasted Mummers, and old broken Limb'd Labourers, hold their weekly Meeting at a famous Boozing-Ken in the midst of Old street, where by the vertue of sound Tipple, the Pretenders to the Dark are restor'd instantly to their Sight, those afflicted with feign'd Sickness, recover perfect Health, and others that Halt before they are Lame, stretch their Legs without their Crutches. When the Jovial Crew their dirty Handkerchiefs and Night Caps are slipt into their Pockets, their Crippled Legs and Arms taken out of their Slings, and return'd from their Cramping Postures to their Ease and Liberty; where after they have soundly liquor'd their Paunches, they sing his Song, which is call'd the Beggars new Ballad.

Tho' Begging is an Honest Trade
That Wealthy Knaves despise
Yet Rich Men may be Beggars made,
And we that Beg may Rise.
The greatest King may be betray'd,
And lose his Sovereign Power;
But we that stoop to ask our Bread,
Can never fall much lower.

What Louse Foreign swarms this Year,
Have spoil'd the Begging Trade!
Yet still we live and Drink good Beer,
Tho' they our Rights invade:
Some fly they're for Religion fled,
But wiser People tell us,
They're only forc'd to seek their Bread
For being too Rebellious.

Let heavy Taxes greater grow,
To make our Army Fight,
Where 'tis not to be had, you know,
The Queen must lose her Right.
Let one Side Laugh and t'other Mourn,
We nothing have to fear,
But that Great Lords should Beggars turn
To be as Rich as we are.

What tho' we make the World believe
That we are Sick and Lame,
'Tis now a Vertue to deceive,
The Righteous do the same,
In Trade Dissembling is no Crime,
And we shall live to see
That Begging in a little Time,
A common Trade will be.

After this Song they all Act their dissembling Parts as much to the Life as if they were really at their respective Post in the City; one Halting about the Room Cap in Hand as if he was at the Arse of a miserable Alderman, then biting his Nails and shaking his Head, as if he Curs'd him in his Heart, because he had not charity enough to reward his Prayers with a loose Half Penny; then suddenly as if attackt by his Eight Legg'd Enemies, or Back Friends, fingers his Collar, conveying the little Prisoners between his Finger and Thumb, from his Neck to his Mouth, in order to bite the Biters, which he dispatches to natural, but 'tis hard to distinguish whether he's in Jest or in Earnest. Thus he diverts the Company, who cannot forbear shrugging at the Louse Performance, as if they Itch'd by Sympathy.

The Beggars Wishes seldom are profuse,
He only covets what he dares to use;
Limits his Hopes according to his Sphere,
And when he's able will enjoy good Cheer.
He ne're starves to multiply his Pence to Wealth
But gladly drinks his Benefactors Health
Then who'd not choose a Beggars Fate
Much rather than a Misers wretched State,
Who vainly hugging of his useless Store,
Starves tho he's Rich, for fear of being Poor

The Broken Shop-Keepers CLUB.

THIS Unfortunate Society is now held at the Sign of the Tumble down Dicks in the dirty Dominions of the Mint in Southwark, where Knaves, Sots and Fools, as well as Bankrupts, who deserve Pity, find a safe Retirement from the Revenge and Malice of their Commercial Creditors, whether many fly like Fish out of the Frying-Pan into the Fire from lesser Troubles into greater Miseries.

When

When the ſaid Guzling Society are met in a Body at their Smoaky Rendezvous their Chief Buſineſs is to waſh away all ſence of their preſent Misfortunes, to Damn their Creditors, Drink Confuſion to Bailiffs, and charge their Ruin on their Extravagant Wives, Faithleſs Servants, or Injuſtice of their Relations, but not a word of their own Negligence, keeping Whores, Horſes, and the like.

Among this promiſcuous Aſſembly of Broken Extravagants, a ſlovenly Sot ſits puffing at the Board in a Woollen Night-Cap, ſo diſguis'd with Dirt, and his Hands and Face with Naſtineſs, that he look'd like the Cook of a Newcaſtle Collier juſt ſtept on Shore to enter an Action againſt his Maſter for Wages. A ſecond in his ſlip Shoes, and ungarter'd Stockings, like a Journey-man Taylor jumps off the Board for a Half-penny Roll, and a Pint of Two Penny Stitch Back. A third with a Carrotty Wig, matted like the Mane of a Graſs Horſe ridden by the Night Mare, and all to ſave the trouble of Combing the entangled Scare-Crow once a Week, thro' his Averſion to cleanlineſs. Another without a Neck-Cloth to ſhew the unbutton'd Collar of a dirty Shirt, that was as Black and as Sweaty as if the Beaſt that wore it had taken an Oath of Abjuration againſt Soap and Water. Another with Bloodſhed Eyes and a Sottiſh Countenance, as if his Head had been ſtew'd in hot Ale, or coddled in burnt Brandy.

Thus wou'd they ſit, ſome Raving, ſome Muttering, ſome Laughing, and others Gaming, till Drunk and Drowſie they reel Home to their Dirty Rooms, Sheetleſs Beds, and ſpaul'd Garrets to feed the Fleas, as well as worſe Vermin, till the next Morning, at which time they return again like the Dog to his Vomit, or the Sow to her wallowing in the Mire.

They are moſt Treacherous and Unjuſt,
Too Knavish for the World to Truſt;
Fit only to frequent an Alehouſe,
Or do Things worthy of a Gallows.

By Foes deſpis'd, by Friends forſaken,
In dread of b'ing ſurpria'd and taken,
That a cloſe ſtarving Goal may be
The End of all their Miſery.

The Basket Womans CLUB.

THERE are ſeveral of theſe Flat-Cap Societies of Female Tatlers, who as ſoon as their Buſineſs is over, Liquor their Weather-beaten Hides at the Taverns adjacent to the Markets they uſe, But in the Deſcription of one, you will have a full view of all the reſt, for they are ſo alike when merrily met over their brim Quarts, that the Devil a Barrel the better Herring. The only Female Tattling Club is held every Market Day at a certain Tavern in Clare-Market, where any Cuckold that will hold up his Head e're he enters the Houſe, may ſee his own Picture.

The Pocket-Apron Quality that commonly compoſe this Tippling Congreſs, are Sunburnt Dames from diſtant Villages, who come Riding to Town like Kettle-Drummers, between their Gorch-bellyed Pandiers, well ſtuffed with the Edible Fruits of their own Rural Houſwifry; being ſo very expert in their Cup Adventures, that they look upon her to be a weak Siſter if ſhe cannot drink a Ters of Wine to her ſhare without Spewing.

Thus Women doats upon a Tavern Treat,
And thinks the Charms of coſtly VVine moſt ſweet;
From one to many Quarts ſhe ſoon improves,
Till made a ſhameful Slave to what ſhe loves.
No prudent bounds can her Deſire incloſe,
In what's her Vice ſhe ſtill inſatiate grows.
On what ſhe loves will no Aſperſion caſt,
And hugs the Poiſon till it proves her laſt.
For wanton VVomen never want the Senſe,
To out-do Men in Craft, or Impudence.